THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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Poetical.

A Creed.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES.

I believe the skies will brighten with a smile of truest love,
And the load of labor lighten, and the plenteous harvest whiten;
Till our God above,
Sees his children hunger-ridden, to a common banquet bidden,
That is my belief.

I believe that Truth now quaking, though she holdeth javelin keen,
To her noblest duty waking, error's ivied fortress shaking,
Will be felt and seen,
When that Justice at her portal, starts to be like her immortal,
That is my belief.

I believe that solid merit, now esteemed far less than gold,
Shall its ancient crown inherit, ask no titles to declare it,
But its robe unfold,
While the hands of millions lowly, Virtue! touch thy garment holy,
That is my belief.

I believe that childhood, dreading labor's iron bell to hear,
Toil and woe to weakness wedding, and the tears of sorrow shedding.
In the spring-time clear,
Shall by man unharnessed, ramble 'mid the flowers unhurt by bramble,
That is my belief.

I believe the stern partition, sundering hearts which should be one,
Crumbling from its fixed position, shall at last like midnight vision,
For the sight be gone,
And the silver clasp of pity, link the race in field or city,
That is my belief.

I believe the warrior's pennon shall be trailed in dust at last,
And, the hideous, black-mouthed cannon, with its balls the red field spanning,
In the depths be cast,
And like heaven-descended angel, peace proclaim evangel,
That is my belief.

Miscellaneous.

The White Lace Bonnet.

About two years since I was one of that strange and busy mob of some five hundred people, who were assembled on the platform in the Euston-square station a few minutes previous to the starting of the morning mail train for Birmingham. To the unoccupied observer the scene might have been an amusing one—the little domestic incidents of leave-taking and embracing—the careful looking after luggage and parcels—the watchful anxieties for a lost cloak or a stray carpet bag, blending with the affectionate farewells of parting, are all curious; while the studious preparations for comfort of the old gentleman in the *coupe*, oddly contrast with similar arrangements on a more limited scale by the poor soldier's wife in the third class carriage.

Small as the segment of humanity is, it is a type of the great world to which it belongs.

I sauntered carelessly along the boarded terrace, investigating, by the light of the guard's lantern, the inmates of the different carriages, and calling to my assistance my tact as a physiognomist as to what party I should select for my fellow passengers; "not in there, assuredly," said I to myself, as I saw the aquiline noses and dark eyes of two Hamburgh Jews; "nor here, either—I cannot stand a day in a nursery; nor will this party suit me, that old gentleman is snoring already;" and so I walked on until at last I bethought me of an empty carriage as at least possessing negative benefits, since positive ones were denied me. Scarcely had the churlish determination seized me, when the glare of the light fell upon the side of a bonnet of white lace, through whose transparent texture a singularly lovely profile could be seen. Features, purely Greek in their character, tinged with a most delicate color, were defined by a dark mass of hair, worn in a deep band along the cheek, almost to the chin. There was a sweetness—a look of guileless innocence in the character of the face, which, even by the flitting light of the lantern, struck me strongly. I made the guard halt, and peeped into the carriage as if seeking for a friend. By the uncertain flickering I could detect the figure of a man, apparently a young one, by the lady's side; the carriage had no other traveler. "This will do," thought I, as I opened the door, and took my place on the opposite side.

The little lamp which hung aloft gave me but slight opportunity of prosecuting my favorite study on this occasion. All that I could trace was the outline of a young and delicately formed girl, enveloped in a cashmere shawl—a slight and inadequate muffling for the road at such a season. The gentleman at her side was attired in what seemed a dress coat, nor was he provided with any other defense against the cold of the morning.

Scarcely had I ascertained these two facts, when the lamp flared, flickered, and went out, leaving me to speculate on these vague but yet remarkable traits of the couple before me. "What can they be?" "who are they?" "where do they come from?" "where are they going?" were all questions which naturally presented themselves to me in turn; yet every inquiry resolved itself into the one, "why has she not a cloak? why has he not got a Petersham?" Long and patiently did I discuss these points with myself, and framed numerous hypotheses to account for the circumstances—but still with comparatively little satisfaction, as objections presented themselves to each conclusion; and although, in turn, I had made him a runaway clerk from Coutt's, a Liverpool actor, a member of the swell mob, and a bagman—yet I could not, for the life of me, include her in the category of such an individual's companions. Neither spoke; so that from their voices, that best of all tests, nothing could be learned.

Wearied by my doubts, and worried by the interruption to my sleep the early rising necessitated, I fell soon into a slight doze, lulled by the soothing "strains" a locomotive so eminently is endowed with.

"Bang, bang, bang," said I aloud, repeating this infernal "refrain," and with an energy that made my two fellow travelers burst out laughing. This awakened me from my sleep, and enabled me to throw off the fearful incubus which rested on my bosom; so strongly, however, was the image of my dream—so vivid the picture my mind had conjured up—and, stranger than all, so perfect was the memory of the demoniac song that I couldn't help relating the whole vision, and repeating for my companions the words, as I have here done for the reader. As I proceeded in my narrative I had ample time to observe the couple before me. The lady, for it is but suitable to begin with her, was young—she could scarcely have been more than twenty—and looked, by the broad daylight, even handsomer than by the glare of the guard's lantern; she was slight, but as well as I could observe, her figure was very gracefully formed, and with a decided air of elegance, detectable even in the ease and repose of her attitude. Her dress was of pale blue silk, around the collar of which she wore a profusion of rich lace, of what peculiar loom I am, unhappily, unable to say—nor would I allude to the circumstance, save that it formed one of the most embarrassing problems in the efforts at divining her rank and condition, never was there such a traveling costume, and although it suited perfectly the frail and delicate beauty of the wearer, it ill accorded with the dingy "conveniency" in which we journeyed—even to her shoes and stockings, for I noticed these—the feet were perfect—and gloves; all the details of her dress had a freshness and propriety one rarely or never sees encountering the wear and tear of the road.

The young gentleman at her side—for he, too, was scarcely more than five-and-twenty at most—was also attired in a costume as little like that of a traveler—a dress coat and evening waistcoat, over which a profusion of chains were festooned in that mode so popular in our day, showed that he certainly, in arranging his costume, had other thoughts than of wasting such attractions on the desert air of a railroad journey. He was a good looking young fellow, with a mixture of the frankness and careless ease of youth; his manner and voice both attested that he belonged to a good class; and the general courtesy of his demeanor showed one who had lived in society. While he evinced an evident desire to enter into conversation and amuse his companion, there was still an appearance of agitation and uncertitude about him which showed that his mind was wandering very far from the topic before him. More than once he checked himself in the midst of some casual merriment, and became suddenly grave; while, from time to time, he whispered to the young lady with an appearance of anxiety and eagerness all his endeavors could not effectually conceal. She, too, seemed agitated—but I thought less so than he; it might be, however, that from the habitual quietude of her manner, the traits of emotion were less detectable by a stranger. * * * * *

We were alone then once more, but somehow the interval which had occurred, had chilled the warm current of our intercourse; perhaps, too, the effects of a long day's journey were telling on us all, and we felt that indisposition to converse which steals over even the most habitual traveler towards the close of a day on the road.—Partly from these causes, and more strongly still from my dislike to obtrude conversation upon those whose minds were evidently pre-occupied, I, too, lay back in my seat and indulged my own reflections in silence. I had sat some time thus, I know not exactly how long, when the voice of the young lady struck on my ear; it was one of those sweet, tinkling, silver sounds which somehow when heard, however slightly, have the effect at once to dissipate the dull routine of one's own thoughts, and suggest others more relative to the speaker.

"Had you not better ask him?" said she; "I am sure he can tell you."

The youth apparently demurred, while she insisted the more; and at length, as if yielding to her entreaty, he suddenly turned towards me, and said—

"I'm a perfect stranger here, and would feel obliged if you could inform me which is the best hotel in Liverpool?" He made a slight pause, and added, "I mean a quiet, family hotel."

"I rarely stop in the town myself," replied I; "but when I do, to breakfast or dine, I take the Adelphi; I'm sure you will find it very comfortable."

They again conversed for a few moments together, and the young man, with an appearance of some hesitation, said, "Do you mean to go there now, sir?"

"Yes," said I, "my intention is to take a hasty dinner before I start in the steamer for Ireland; I see by my watch I shall have ample time to do so, as we shall arrive full half an hour before our time."

Another pause, and another discussion ensued, the only words which I could catch from the young lady, being, "I'm certain he will have no objection.'

Conceiving that these referred to myself, and guessing at their probable import, I immediately said, "If you will allow me to be your guide, I shall feel most happy to show you the way; we can obtain a carriage at the station and proceed thither at once."

I was right in my surmise—both parties were profuse in their acknowledgments—the young man avowing that it was the very request he was about to make when I anticipated him. We arrived in due time at the station, and having assisted my new acquaintances to alight, I found little difficulty in placing them in a carriage, for luggage they had none, neither portmanteau nor carpet-bag—not even a dressing case—a circumstance at which, however, I might have endeavored to avoid expressing my wonder, they seemed to feel it required an explanation at their hands; both looked confused and abashed—nor was it until by busying myself in the details of my own baggage, that I was enabled to relieve them from the embarrassment the circumstance occasioned.

"Here we are," said I, "this is the Adelphi," as we stopped at that comfortable and hospitable portal, through which the fumes of brown gravy and ox-tail floated with a savory odor, as pleasant to him who enters with dinner intentions, as it is tantalizing to the fistless wanderer without.

The lady thanked me with a smile as I handed her into the house, and a very sweet smile too, and one I could have fancied the young man would have felt a little jealous of, if I had not seen the ten times more fascinating one she bestowed on him.

The young man acknowledged my slight service with thanks and made a half gesture to shake hands at parting, which, though a failure, I rather liked, as evidencing, even in its awkwardness, a kindness of disposition; for so it is, gratitude smacks poorly when expressed in trim and measured phrase—it seems not the natural coinage of the heart, when the impression betrays too clearly the mint of the mind.

"Good bye," said I, as I watched their retiring figures up the wide staircase. "She's deuced pretty—and what a good figure; I did not think that any other than a French woman could adjust her shawl in that fashion." And with these very soothing reflections I betook myself to the coffee-room, and soon was very deep in discussing the distinct merits of mulligatawny, mock turtle and mutton chops, or listening to that everlasting pean every waiter in England sings in praise of the "joint."

In all the luxury of my own little table, with my own little salt cellar, my own cruet stand, my beer glass, and its younger brother for wine, I sat awaiting the arrival of my fare, and puzzling my brain as to the unknown travelers.

My thoughts turned at once to their old track. "I have it," said I, as a bloody-minded suggestion shot through my brain. "This is an affair of charcoal and oxalic acid—this is some damnable device of arsenic or sugar of lead—these young wretches have come down here to poison themselves, and be smothered in that mode latterly introduced among us. There will be a double-locked door and a smell of carbonic gas through the key hole in the morning.

I have it all before me, even to the maudlin letter, with its twenty one verses of bad poetry at the foot of it. I think I hear the coroner's charge, and see the three shillings and eight pence half-penny produced before the jury, that were found in the youth's possession, together with a small key and a bill for a luncheon at Birmingham. By Jove, I will prevent it though; I will spoil their fun this time; if they will have physic, let them have something just as nauseous, but not so injurious. My own notion is a basin of this soup and a slice of the joint, and here it comes; and thus my meditations were again destined to be cut short, and reverie gave way to reality.

I was just helping myself to my second slice of mutton, when the young man entered the coffee-room and walked towards me. At first, his manner evinced hesitation and indecision, and he turned to the fire place, as if with some change of purpose, then, as if suddenly summoning his resolution, he came up to the table at which I sat and said,

"Will you favor me with five minutes of your time?"

"By all means," said I, "sit down here, and I'm your man; you must excuse me, though, for I proceed with my dinner, as I see it is past six o'clock, and the packet sails at seven."

"Pray, proceed," replied he, "your doing so will in part excuse the liberty I take in obtruding myself upon you."

He paused, and although I waited for him to resume, he appeared in no humor to do so, but seemed more confused than before.

"Hang it," said he, at length, "I am a very bungling negotiator, and never, in my life, could manage a matter of any difficulty?

"Take a glass of sherry," said I, "try if that may not assist to recall your faculties."

"No, no," cried he: "I have taken a bottle of it already, and, by Jove, I rather think my head is only the more addled. Do you know that I am in a most confounded scrape! I have run away with that young lady; we were at an evening party last night together, and came straight away from the supper table to the train."

"Indeed!" said I, laying down my knife and fork, not a little gratified that I was at length to learn the secret that had so long teazed me. "And so you have run away with her?"

"Yes; it was no sudden thought, however; at least it was an old attachment; I have known her these two months."

"Oh! oh!" said I, "then there was prudence in the affair."

"Perhaps you will say so," said he, quickly, "when I tell you she has £30,000 in the Funds and something like £1,700 a year besides—not that I care a straw for the money—but in the eye of the world that kind of thing has its *eclat*."

"So it has, and a very pretty *eclat* it is, and one that, somehow or other, preserves its attractions much longer than most surprises; but I do not see the scrape, after all."

"I am coming to that," said he, glancing timidly around the room. The affair occurred this wise—we were at an evening party—a kind of *dejeuner*, it was on the Thames—Charlotte came with her aunt—a shrewish old damsel, that has no love for me; in fact she very soon saw my game, and resolved to thwart it. Well, of course, I was obliged to be most circumspect, and did not venture to approach her, not even to ask her to dance, the whole evening. As it grew late, however, I either became more courageous or less cautious, and I did ask her for a waltz. The old lady bristled up at once, and asked for her shawl. Charlotte accepted my invitation, and said she would not certainly retire so early; and I, to cut the matter short, led her to the top of the room. We waltzed together, and then had a galloppe, and after that some champagne, and then another waltz; for Charlotte was resolved to give the old lady a lesson—she has spirit for anything? Well, it was growing late by this time, and we went in search of the aunt at last; but, by Jove! she could not be found. We hunted everywhere for her, looked well in every corner of the supper room, where it was most likely we would discover her; and at length, to our mutual horror and dismay, we learned that she had ordered her carriage up a full hour before, and gone off, declaring that she would send Charlotte's father to fetch her home, as she herself possessed no influence over her.—Here was a pretty business—the old gentleman being, as Charlotte often told me, the most choleric man in England. He had killed two brother officers in duels, and narrowly escaped being hanged at Maidstone for shooting a waiter who delayed bringing him hot water to shave—a pleasant old boy to encounter on such an occasion as this!

"He will certainly shoot me—he will shoot you—he will kill us both," were the only words she could utter: and my blood actually froze at the prospect before us.—You may smile if you like; but let me tell you, that an outraged father, with a pair of revolving pistols, is no laughing matter.—There was nothing for it, then, but to "bolt." She saw that as soon as I did; and although she endeavored to persuade me to suffer her to return home alone, that, you know, I never could think of; and so, after some little demurrings, some tears and some resistance, we got to the Euston square station, just as the train was going. You may easily think that none of us had much time for preparation. As for myself, I have come away with a £10 note in my purse, not a shilling more have I in my possession, and here we are now, half of the sum spent already, and how we are to get on to the north, I cannot, for the life of me, conceive."

"Oh! that's it," said I, peering at him shrewdly from under my eyelids.

"Yes, that's it; don't you think it is bad enough!" and he spoke the words with a reckless frankness that satisfied all my scruples. "I ought to tell you," said he, "that my name is Blunden. I am a lieutenant in the Buffs, on leave; and now that you know my secret, will you lend me 20 pounds? which, perhaps, may be enough to carry us forward—at least, it will do, until it will be safe for me to write for money."

"But what would bring you to the north," said I; "why not put yourself on the mail packet this evening, and come to Dublin? We will marry you there just as cheaply; pursuit of you will be just as difficult; and, I'd venture to say, you might choose a worse land for the honeymoon."

"But I have no money;" said he, "you forget that."

"For the matter of money," said I, "make your mind easy. If the young lady is going away with her own consent—if, indeed she is as anxious to get married as you are, make me the banker, I'll give her away, be the bridesmaid, or anything else you please."

"You are a trump," said he, helping himself to another glass of my sherry; and then filling out a third, which emptied the bottle, he slapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Here's your health and now come up stairs."

"Stop a moment," said I, "I must see her alone—there must be no tampering with the evidence."

He hesitated for a second, and surveyed me from head to foot, and whether it was the number of double chins or the rotundity of my waistcoat divested his mind of any jealous scruples, but he smiled coolly, and said, "So you shall old buck—we will never quarrel about that."

Up stairs we went accordingly, and into a handsome drawing room on the first floor, at one end of which, with her head buried in her hands, the young lady was sitting.

"Charlotte," said he, "this gentleman is kind enough to take an interest in our fortunes, but he desires a few words with you alone."

I waved my hand to him to prevent him making any further explanation, and as a signal to withdraw—he took the hint and left the room.

Now, thought I, this is the second act of the drama—what the deuce am I to do here? In the first place, some might deem it my duty to admonish the young damsel on the impropriety of the step, to draw an afflicting picture of her family, to make her weep bitter tears, and end by persuading her to take a first class ticket on the up train. This would be the grand parento-moral line, and I shame to confess it, it was never my forte. Secondly, I might pursue the inquiry suggested by myself, and ascertain her real sentiments. This might be called the amico-auxiliary line. Or, lastly, I might try a little what might be done on my own score, and not see £30,000 and £1,700 a year squandered by a cigar smoking lieutenant in the Buffs. As there may be different opinions about this line, I shall not give it a name. Suffice it to say, that, notwithstanding a sly peep at as pretty a throat and as well rounded and instep as ever tempted a "Government Mercury," I was true to my trust, and opened the negotiation on the honest footing.

"Do you love him my little darling?" said I; for somehow consolation always struck me as own brother to love-making. It is like endorsing a bill for a friend, which, though he tells you he'll meet, you always feel responsible for the money.

She turned upon me an arch look. By St. Patrick, I half regretted I had not tried number three, as, in the sweet imaginable voice she said:

"Do you doubt it?"

I wish I could, thought I to myself. No matter, it was too late for regrets, and so I ascertained, in a very few minutes, that she corroborated every portion of the statement, and was as deeply interested in the success of the adventure as himself.

"That will do," said I. "He is a lucky fellow; I always heard the Buffs were;" and with that I descended to the coffee room, where the young man awaited me with the greatest anxiety.

"Are you satisfied?" cried he, as I entered the room.

"Perfectly," was my answer. "And now let us lose no more time; it wants but a quarter of 7, and we must be on board in ten minutes."

As I have already remarked, my fellow travellers were not burdened with luggage, so there was little difficulty in expediting their departure; and in half an hour from that time we were gliding down the Mersey, and gazing on the spangled lamps which glittered over the great city of soap, sugar, sassafras, train-oil, timber and tallow. The young lady soon went below, as the night was chilly; but Blunden and myself walked the deck until near twelve o'clock, chatting over whatever came uppermost, and giving me an opportunity to perceive that, without possessing any remarkable ability or cleverness, he was one of those off hand, candid, clear headed young fellows, who, when trained in the admirable discipline of the mess, become excellent specimens of well-conducted, well mannered gentlemen.

We arrived, in due course, in Dublin. I took my friends up to Morrison's, drove with them, after breakfast, to a fashionable milliner's, where the young lady, with an admirable taste, selected such articles of dress as she cared for, and I then saw them duly married. I do not mean to say that the ceremony was performed by a Bishop, or that a royal duke gave her away; neither can I state that the train of carriages comprised the equipages of the leading nobility. I only vouch for the fact that a little man, with a black eye and a sinister countenance, read a ceremony of his own composing, and made them right their names in a great book, and pay thirty shillings for his services; after which I put a £50 note into Blunden's hand, saluted the bride, and, wishing them health and happiness, took my leave.

They started at once with four posters for the north, intending to cross over to Scotland. My engagements induced me to leave town for Cork, and in less than a fortnight I found at my club a letter from Blunden, inclosing the £50, with a thousand thanks for my prompt kindness, and innumerable affectionate reminiscences from Madame. They were as happy—confound it, every one is as happy for a week or a fortnight; so I crushed the letter—pitched it into the fire—was rather pleased with myself for what I had done, and thought no more of the whole transaction.

Here, then, my tale should have an end, and the moral is obvious. Indeed, I am not certain but some may prefer it to that which the succeeding portion conveys, thinking that the codicil revokes the body of the testament. However that may be, here goes for it.

It was about a year after this adventure, that I made one of a party of six, travelling up to London by the 'Grand Junction.'—The company were chatty, pleasant folks, and the conversation, as often happens among utter strangers, became anecdotic; many good stories were told in turn, and many pleasant comments made on them, when at length it occurred to me to mention the somewhat singular rencontre I have already narrated, as having happened to myself.

"Strange enough," said I, "the last time I journeyed along this line, nearly this time last year, a very remarkable occurrence took place. I happened to fall in with a young officer of the Buffs, eloping with an exceedingly pretty girl; she had a large fortune, and was in every respect a 'catch;' he ran away with her from an evening party, and never remembered, until he arrived at Liverpool, that he had no money for the journey. In this dilemma, the young fellow—rather spooney about the whole thing—I think, would have gone back by the next train, but by Jove! I couldn't satisfy my conscience that so lovely a girl should be treated in such a manner. I rallied his courage, took him over to Ireland in a packet, and got them married next morning."

"Have I caught you at last, you old meddling scoundrel!" cried a voice, hoarse and discordant with passion from the opposite side, and at the same instant a short, thick-set old man, with shoulders like a Hercules, sprang at me; with one hand he clutched me by the throat, and with the other he pummeled my head against the pannel of the conveyance, and with such violence that many people in the next carriage averred that they thought we had run into the down train. So sudden was the old wretch's attack, and so infuriate withal, it took the united force of the other passengers to detach him from my neck—and even then, as they drew him off, he kicked at me like a demon. Never has it been my lot to witness such an outbreak of wrath; and, indeed, were I to judge from the symptoms it occasioned, the old fellow had better not repeat, or assuredly apoplexy would follow.

"That vilain—that old ruffian," said he, glaring at me with flashing eye-balls, while he menaced me with his close fist, "that ——meddling scoundrel is the cause of the greatest calamity of my life."

"Are you her father, then?" articulated I, faintly, for a misgiving came over me that my boasted benevolence might prove a mistake. "Are you her father?" The words were not out when he dashed at me once more, and were it not for the watchfulness of the others, would inevitably have finished me.

"I've heard of you, my old buck," said I, affecting a degree of ease and security my heart sadly belied. "I've heard of your dreadful temper already—I know you can't control yourself. I know all about the waiter at Maidstone. By Jove, they did not wrong you, and I am not surprised at your poor daughter leaving you"—but he would not suffer me to conclude, and once more his wrath boiled over, and all the efforts of the others were barely sufficient to calm into a semblance of reason.

There would be no end to my narrative if I endeavored to convey to my readers the scene which followed, or recount the various outbreaks of passion which ever and anon interrupted the old man, and induced him or diverge into sundry byways of lamentation over his misfortune, and curses upon my meddling interference. Indeed, his whole narrative was conducted more in the staccato style of an Italian opera father, than in the homely wrath of an English parent. The wind up of these dissertations being always to the one purpose, as with a look of passion, directed towards me, he said:

"Only wait till we reach the station, and see if I won't do for you."

His tale in a few words amounted to this. He was the Squire Blunden, the father of the lieutenent in the "Buffs." The youth had formed an attachment to a lady, whom he had accidentlly met in a Margate steamer. The circumstances of her family and fortune were communicated to him in confidence by herself, and though she expressed her conviction of the utter impossibility of obtaining her father's consent to any entitled match, she as resolutely refused to elope with him. The result, however, was as we have seen; she did elope—was married; they made a wedding tour in the Highlands, and returned to Blunden Hall two months after, where the old gentleman welcomed them with affection and forgiveness. About a fortnight after their return it was deemed necessary to make inquiry as to the circumstances of her estate and funded property, when the young lady fell upon her knees, wept bitterly and said she had not a six pence; that the whole thing was a "ruse;" that she paid five pounds for a choleric father, three ten for an aunt, warranted to wear "satin;" in fact that she had been twice married before, and had heavy misgivings that the husbands were still living.

There was nothing left for it but to compromise.

"I gave her," said he, "five hundred pounds to go to the deuce, and I registered the same day a solemn oath, that if I ever met the same Tramp, he should carry the impress of my knuckles on his face to the day of his death.

The train reached Harrow as the old gentleman spoke. I waited till it was again in motion, and flinging wide the door, I sprang out, and from that day to this have strictly avoided forming acquaintances with a white lace bonnet, even at a distance, or even befriending a lieutenant in the Buffs.

WHICH IS JOSH?—"What's that a picture on!" said a countryman in our hearing the other day, in a print store, to the proprietor, who was turning over some engravings.

"That, sir," said the dealer, "is Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still."

"Du tell! Well, which is Josh, and which is his son?"

☞A man recently got married in Glasgow one day and hung himself the next.—No doubt he wanted to try all varieties of nooses to see which he liked best.

☞The young lady who burst into tears has been put together again, and is now wearing hoops, to prevent the recurrence of the accident.

☞The "first" business of Lynn is the manufacture of shoes. That, however, is intimately connected with the "last" business.

Mr. Douglas' Letter of Acceptance.

WASHINGTON, June 25, 1860.

SIR:—The National Committee of the Democratic party, which met in Charleston on the twenty-third day of April last, and adjourned to meet at Baltimore on the eighteenth day of June, have unanimously nominated you as their candidate for President of the United States.

We have been delegated to inform you of such nomination, and to ask your acceptance of it.

The Convention have reasserted the time-honored principles of the party, as enunciated at Cincinnati in 1856, upon which we won the glorious field in that contest, and carried, with a single exception, every Southern State. Assailed as we are by sectionalism, endangered by the efforts of disunionists, and in the midst of a crisis, threatening the very perpetuity of our Union, we believe that to you the people turn, and have long since involuntarily turned, as one whose firmness and ability, whose consistent nationality and unvarying recognition of the constitutional rights of all sections of our common country, can alone lead us in safety to that repose demanded by every true patriot.

We tender to you our heartfelt congratulations, and have the honor to be your fellow-citizens,

WM. H. LUDLOW, New York,
R. P. DICK, North Caroline,
J. L. SEWARD, Georgia,
J. L. DAWSON, Pennsylvania,
R. C. WICKLIFFE, Louisiana,
W. A. GORMAN, Minnesota,
J. B. FLOURNOY, Arkansas,
A. A. KING, Missouri,
BION BRADBURY, Maine.

To Hon. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

The following is Mr. Douglas' letter accepting the nomination for the Presidency:

WASHINGTON, June 27, 1860.

GENTLEMEN:—In accordance with the verbal assurance which I gave when you placed in my hands the authentic evidence of my nomination for the Presidency by the National Convention of the Democratic party, I now tender you my formal acceptance. Upon a careful examination of the platform of principles adopted at Charleston, and affirmed at Baltimore, with an additional resolution, which is in perfect harmony with the others, I find it to be a faithful embodiment of the time honored principles of the Democratic party, as the same were proclaimed and understood by all parties in the Presidential contests of 1848, 1852 and 1856. Upon looking into the proceedings of the Convention, also, I find that the nomination was made with great unanimity in the presence and with the concurrence of more than two thirds of the whole number of delegates, and in exact accordance with the long established usages of the party.

My inflexible purpose not to be a candidate, nor accept the nomination in any contingency, except as the regular nominee of the National Democratic party, and in that case only upon the condition that the usages as well as the principles of the party should be strictly adhered to, have been proclaimed for a long time, and become well known to the country. These conditions having been complied with by the free and voluntary action of the Democratic masses, and their faithful representatives, without any agency, interference, or procurement on my part, I feel bound in honor and duty to accept the nomination.

In taking this step I am not unmindful of the responsibilities it imposes; but with a firm reliance on Divine Providence, I have faith that the people will comprehend the true nature of the issues involved, and eventually maintain the right. The peace of the country and the perpetuity of the Union have been put in jeopardy by *attempts to interfere with and control the domestic affairs of the people in the Territories through the agency of the federal government.* If the power and duty of federal interference be conceded, two hostile sectional parties must be the inevitable result: the one inflaming the passions and ambition of the North, and the other of the South; and each struggling to use the federal power and authority for the aggrandizement of its own section at the expense of the equal rights of the other, and in derogation of those fundamental principles of self government which were firmly established in this country by the American revolution as the basis of our entire Republican system.

During a memorable period in our political history, when the advocates of federal intervention upon the subject of slavery in the territories, had well nigh "precipitated the country into revolution," the Northern interventionists demanding the Wilmot Proviso for the prohibition of slavery, and the Southern interventionists, then few in number and without a single representative in either House of Congress, insisting upon Congressional legislation for the protection of slavery, in opposition to the wishes of the people in either case, it will be remembered that it required all the wisdom, power and influence of a Clay, and a Webster, and a Cass, supported by the conservative and patriotic men, Whig and Democrat of that day, to devise and carry out a line of policy which would restore peace to the country, and stability to the Union.

The essential living principle of that policy, as applied in the legislation of 1850, was and now is, *non intervention by Congress with slavery in the Territories.* The fair application of this just and equitable principle restored harmony and fraternity to a distracted country.

If we now depart from that wise and just policy which produced those happy results, and permit the country to be again distracted, if not precipitated into revolution by a sectional contest between pro-slavery and anti-slavery interventionists, where shall we look for another Clay—another Webster—or another Cass, to pilot the ship of State over the breakers into the haven of peace and safety?

The Federal Union must be preserved—the Constitution must be maintained inviolate in all its parts; every right guaranteed by the Constitution must be protected by law in all cases where legislation is necessary to its enjoyment. The judicial authority, as provided in the Constitution, must be sustained and its decision implicitly obeyed and faithfully executed. The laws must be administered, and the constituted authorities upheld, and all unlawful resistance suppressed.

These things must all be done with firmness, impartiality and fidelity, if we expect to enjoy and transmit, unimpaired, to our posterity, the blessed inheritance which we have received in trust from the patriots and sages of the revolution.

With sincere thanks for the kind and agreeable manner in which you have made known to me the action of the Convention, I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your friend and fellow citizen,

S. A. DOUGLAS.

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